THE
NATION

JANUARY 30, 1959 . . 25c

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SURPRISE ATTACK

Fear Could Pull the Trigger

J. David Singer

TOMORROW'S AIR CRASH

Karl M. Ruppenthal

CIVIL WAR CENTENNIAL

Dan Wakefield

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LETTERS

The Shiny Enemies

Dear Sirs: I read Gore Vidal's review of *Advertisements for Myself* [*The Nation*, Jan. 2] with attention. While I would and do disagree with parts of his piece, I must say Vidal did some good writing.

But in two places, I thought he was out of line. To quote him:

> . . . writers who are unduly eager for fame and acceptance will write novels which they hope might interest religious-minded critics. The results range from the sub-literary bleating of the Beats to Mailer's portentous: "I am the way and the life ever after, crucify me, you hackers, for mine is a ritual death! Oh, Scott, oh, Herman, oh, ancestral voices murmuring, take my flesh and my blood, partake of me and know mysteries!"

The quotation marks are unhappy. I never wrote such a sentence and I never spoke such a sentence. May this be put on the record before the sentence is quoted by others as the stricken heart of my credo.

Point Two is sly. I quote again from Vidal: "I noted with some amusement that, despite the air of candor, he makes no new enemies in this book. He scores off those who are lost to him anyway, thus proving that essentially the work is politic." Only a fool brags of making new enemies, but I was bruised to the bone by this quick assertion, and when Vidal called a few days later to discover my reactions to his piece, I gave documents to the man, page and paragraph, about the new enemies I had made, and by God yes I think even Gore V. would admit this day he was hasty.

My compliments to Ira Wolfert for "Monster in the Mine" [*The Nation*, Jan. 2], one of the few good short stories I've read over the years.

NORMAN MAILER

New York City

Orgies with Chalk

Dear Sirs: Let's not boil them in oil, quite. I mean the local kooks who are having an orgy with chalk, paint and the like, inscribing their crooked crosses and crooked messages on the walls of synagogues and churches under the winter moon's glare, like a band of hell's own poltergeists risen from the latrine.

These shadowy mock assassins have —in part at least—a deep need for projecting their own inner chaos. It can be surmised that another part of their inspiration comes from an easing—at long last—of the worst of the cold-war jitters, that the kooks see political lines of explosion receding and are in a panic to do something about it.

As for the West German branch of the kooks' international—well, we've been feeding that monster with such arrant indulgence of late, we really shouldn't be surprised.

SID BERNARD

New York City

Cross of Blue

Dear Sirs: As a subscriber to Blue Cross, I want to congratulate *The Nation* for its honest and searching report, "Blue Cross: Retreat from Idealism," in your January 9 issue. But what can one do? Perhaps the labor unions, by means of their numbers, could accomplish some reforms.

A. J. KOVAR

Brooklyn, N.Y.

'Diploma Mills'

Dear Sirs: In his article "Diplomas for Sale" [*The Nation*, December 26], Myron Lieberman overlooked the existence and accomplishments of the National Home Study Council of Washington, D.C., an organization of accredited correspondence schools formed in 1926 to eliminate "diploma mills" and raise the educational and business standards of private home-study schools.

Since its formation, the NHSC has cooperated with the Federal Trade Commission, Better Business Bureaus and every state and local agency interested in ridding the correspondence-school field of unethical operators. The council's Accrediting Commission, which includes a former U.S. Commissioner of Education and a Harvard professor, is now recognized by the U.S. Office of Education and so ranks on a level with those bodies accrediting high schools and colleges.

It is true that "schools" still sell "diplomas" through the mail. But, because of the vigorous efforts of the NHSC, an increasing number of students are avoiding these shady enterprises and enroll in reputable correspondence schools.

While Mr. Lieberman charges only correspondence schools with being "diploma mills," he forgets that such "mills" exist among residence schools. What else would you call a state university which grants academic credit for a course in "fly-tying" and those specializing in "sun-bathing and basket-weaving" courses?

Constant and sincere self-policing and the imposition and maintenance of high academic standards are the solution to the problem he outlines.

Naturally public and private agencies should have a role in taking diplomas off the shelves, but the basic responsibility belongs to the institutions of learning themselves.

VENLO WOLFSOHN

Bethesda, Md.

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The Nation, Jan. 30, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 5

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 5

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Proxy Fight or Campaign?

Senator John F. Kennedy's earnest contention — promptly seconded by Vice President Nixon — that the central issue of the 1960 election is the nature of the Presidency itself, is a disheartening indication that the major issues will go begging in this year's campaign. A brilliant staff of Ivy League advisers provided Senator Kennedy with some admirable quotes, a series of apt historical references and some first-rate political quips for his "first serious speech of the formal campaign" before the National Press Club, in which he promised a "strong" Presidency if elected. But for all its sparkle and polish, the speech was as empty of content as a high school valedictory. Given the glaring divisions within the Democratic Party — between Dixiecrats and other Democrats, between the Congressional and the national leadership, between eggheads and city bosses, between militant cold warriors and the more pacific Democrats — Senator Kennedy was under an obligation to tell us just how his leadership, as President, could be both "strong" and effective. Only the day before, he had voted with the "regulars" — the vote was 51 to 12 — to sustain Senator Lyndon Johnson's iron-fisted control of the Democrats in the Senate.

Senator Humphrey, joining in the campaign's first major round of debate, also favors a "strong" Presidency, but like Senator Kennedy he does not tell us how any Democratic nominee could reasonably be expected to exert effective leadership without first achieving either major structural reforms within the Democratic Party, or a realignment of the country's political forces. As to Mr. Nixon, every poll and forecast indicates that, if elected, he will have to deal with heavy Democratic majorities in the House and Senate. No more than Senator Kennedy or Senator Humphrey could he exert effective leadership without making cross-party bargains and alliances.

Major issues await discussion in this campaign which, if debated in no-holds-barred fashion, might really make possible a "strong" and effective leadership in the White House. But if this initial exchange in the "formal campaign" is a sample of what is to come between now and November, then we face not a debate on issues, but something more in the nature of a "proxy" fight for the Presidency, in which a number of active, articulate, bright junior executives, all of about the same age, will compete on the tacit assumption that the sole issue is which of them is best qualified to succeed to the Presidency of U.S.A., Inc., a blue-chip corporation with a strong growth potential, huge reserves and a contented army of stockholders, now that the elderly, revered incumbent is about to retire. As in other proxy fights, the stockholders will have a choice of personalities and management skills, but not of basic policies.

Pro Patria Mori

In his discussion of nuclear offense and defense in this issue (see page 91), Dr. J. David Singer makes the point that the inauguration of a serious civil-defense program by either side might persuade the other that the enemy contemplated a first strike and was planning to protect its military and industrial forces against the inevitable retaliatory blow. In his sense, unprotected populations are hostages to peace. The Air Force seems committed to a course of action which will multiply the number of hostages and so convince the Soviet rulers of our peaceful intent — if, that is, our generals and defense officials will refrain from making threatening statements and so spoiling everything. Dr. James E. McDonald, a meteorologist attached to the University of Arizona, has made a careful study of the effects of nuclear attacks on cities, and especially the hazards of fallout on urban populations. He finds that prevailing west-to-east winds may spread radioactive death 200 miles from the point of impact of an intercontinental missile. He also finds that the Air Force is locating its missile bases, which will be high-priority targets in a nuclear war, with little or no consideration of fallout. At Spokane, for instance, out of nine separate Atlas launching sites, only two are located on the comparatively safe downwind (east) side. The other seven are upwind (west) from the city, and if Soviet missiles land on or near them the fallout will engulf Spokane. Similarly at Topeka, all nine Atlas sites lie within less than 100 miles upwind of the million or more inhabitants of the Kansas City area. "Either the Air Force agencies

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responsible for ICBM site location have not heard of the horrors of radioactive fallout," Dr. McDonald comments, "or else they must think the wind blows from east to west over the United States."

We may hope that the Soviet rulers will take this as an earnest of our peaceful intentions, but of course they may merely conclude that the U.S. Air Force isn't very clever.

The Reformer

Fairfax Cone, chairman of the executive committee of Foote, Cone & Belding, the eminent advertising agency, has recently emerged as a critic of the press. This role, unusual for an advertising executive, springs from the Federal Trade Commission's complaints against alleged visual deception in TV advertising. The commission asserts, for example, that when sandpaper, lathered with Palmolive shaving cream, is shaved with a razor before the amazed TV audience, it isn't sandpaper at all, but a "mock-up" of sand applied to glass. Another demonstration which leaves the commission unconvinced involves Lever Brothers' Pepsodent, one of America's great dentifrices. On TV, a "cigarette-smoking machine" deposits yellow smoke stain on a surface which, according to the announcer, is functionally similar to tooth enamel. Pepsodent is applied to the ersatz enamel and the stain vanishes before the eyes of the TV viewer, who lights another cigarette and rushes out to buy the economy-size tube. "This demonstration," the Federal Trade Commission says with bureaucratic stuffiness, "does not actually prove, as purported, that Pepsodent . . . is effective in removing tobacco-smoke stain from the teeth of all smokers. . . ."

It so happens that Foote, Cone & Belding is the advertising agency for Pepsodent. But Mr. Cone's grievance is not against the FTC; it is against the newspapers. At a luncheon of the Newspaper Advertising Executives Association, Mr. Cone complained that the newspapers had prejudged the case against Pepsodent and convicted Lever Brothers, Pepsodent, and Foote, Cone & Belding of "grave crimes against the public." The truth is, he said, that complaints against photo techniques used in TV demonstrations are the work of "headline chasers." The newspapers, he went on to say, should be the last to criticize, "for many of these things that sound so awful were borrowed from the photographic studios where black and white and even color pictures are made for magazines and newspapers . . . almost all black-and-white photographs for newspaper and magazine reproduction are products of the retoucher's art." He called on newspapers to lead the way to more truthful advertising. In another connection, he remarked, "As an advertising agent whose company placed some $40,000,000 in television last year, I didn't know that the quiz shows were rigged."

Mr. Cone seems to be a remarkably trusting and hopeful individual, but it is said that a little child shall lead them, and we wish him luck in his crusade. With the FTC uplifting Foote, Cone & Belding, and Foote, Cone & Belding uplifting the press, the moral tone of the communication arts should be immeasurably improved before 1960 passes into history.

The "Has-Beens"

Representative F. Edward Hébert's Armed Services subcommittee, after completing a first-class investigating job, recommends that former military officers and civilian-defense officials should be barred from soliciting business for defense contractors for two years after they leave government service. The Congress should, and probably will, pass the necessary legislation. Some of the officers who testified complained that as soon as they retired, their influence in the Pentagon vanished; they were "has-beens." No harm will have been done, therefore, if what they say is true; the Congress will merely be legalizing a situation that already exists.

Some of the data uncovered by the Hébert committee does not, however, quite jibe with this low view of the salesmanship of retired brass hats. The mere volume of hiring raises a suspicion that they are not retained merely for their knowledge of transistors or air-frames. No less than 1,453 retired officers are on the staffs of contractors holding 80 per cent of the nation's defense orders. The companies seem to have been intent on snatching engineers just out of college and generals and admirals just out of the services. Jack Steele of the New York *World-Telegram* has done some counting and presents the following totals of retired officers on the payrolls of defense contractors: General Dynamics, 186; Lockheed, 171; North American Aviation, 92; General Tire & Rubber, 66; Martin, 63; Boeing, 61; Ryan Aeronautical, 54. Where such numbers were involved, it is hardly likely that no thought of salesmanship ever entered the heads of the hirers and the hired.

Another fact that may have a bearing is that while the general, or admiral, may be worthy of his hire, in the estimation of his employers he frequently isn't worthy of very much. The Westinghouse Company is listed as paying a full admiral $6,000 a year. Among lieutenant generals and vice admirals, four receive $6,000 or less. Among major generals and rear admirals, near-destitution is the rule rather than the exception. Out of nineteen officers of this rank employed by General Dynamics, one received $4,000, two $5,000, six $6,000, two $7,000, and one $8,000. In all the nineteen, there was only one relatively impressive wage: $33,000. Either General Dynamics is an unmerciful employer and these workers should unite and throw off their chains, or they don't work much and, in that case, what *are* they hired for?

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FEAR COULD PULL THE TRIGGER

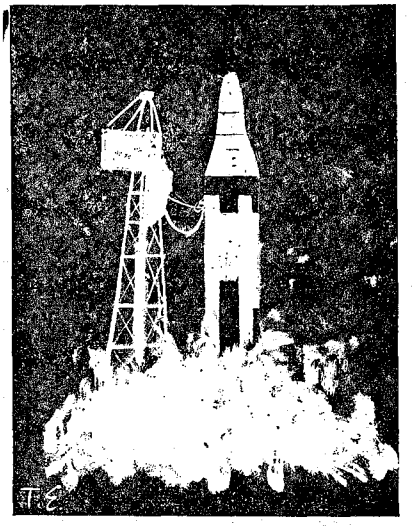
SURPRISE ATTACK . . *by J. David Singer*

DURING THE current wave of euphoria which seems to have gripped the world in the wake of the Khrushchev and Eisenhower "journeys to peace," it may be in poor taste to speak publicly of surprise nuclear attack, but it may also be that it is just such a period as this which most requires a rather brutal analysis of Soviet-American relations. Even before the journeys — symbolic expressions of the peace-urge — were made, many were contending that military technology had in a sense made itself obsolete, and that the destructive power of the nuclear missile was so great as almost to guarantee that it would never be used. Man's faith in this "balance of terror" is touching, but is also indicative of the basic human tendency to deny the existence of dangers too great to be comprehended and too complex to be analyzed. One is reminded of superstitious villagers living on the slopes of a volcano or in the possible path of an avalanche.

On the basis of a current study of Soviet and Western military strategy, this writer believes that the danger of surprise nuclear attack — in either direction — is as great, if not greater, now and for the next several years than it has been at any time since the cold war began. Let me try to summarize the evidence.

FIRST of all, the two military coalitions are still very much in a state of mutual hostility, and while there is increasing evidence that each desires to restrict the resultant conflict and competition to the nonmilitary realm, little has happened to hasten the elimination of violence. More precisely, as long as each side retains its capacity for military attack, the other must assume that such capacity might be utilized. As I suggested in an earlier article ("New Hope for Disarmament," *The Nation,* Oct. 10, 1959), "each elite will inevitably equate the other's military *capability* with his military *intentions*." Since most Americans find it almost impossible to believe that the Soviet could honestly fear an attack initiated by ourselves, let us first examine the situation as it looks to the Kremlin.

At the outset, there is the orthodox Communist ideology which has consistently postulated that the "capitalist camp" is inexorably compelled to seek the destruction of the "Socialist camp." Sometimes it is



argued that the attack will come when the "imperialists" are powerful enough to carry it out successfully and with little fear of retaliation. Other times the argument is that it will come when the West sees that "Socialist victory" is almost inevitable, and strikes out in a last, desperate effort to stave off defeat.

From the Soviet viewpoint, this classic Leninist-Stalinist doctrine is supported by some significant historical experiences. The expeditionary forces — with American contingents — which were landed in Russia following the First World War have been continually interpreted—rightly or wrongly—by Soviet leaders as abortive attempts to overthrow the Bolshevik regime by violent intervention. Similarly, the jockeying of England, France and the United States during the late 1930s was interpreted by the Russians, then as now, as an effort to drive the Nazis and the Soviets into a war of such mutual destructiveness that the Western powers could then step in at the end and divide up the spoils, thus obliterating Bolshevism at little loss to themselves. (That this was not an altogether unfounded notion may be established by reference to Western actions and communications of the period.) Even the delay in opening the second front during World War II has been viewed by the Soviet as further evidence of ill will on the part of their wartime allies.

TURNING to the present, there is an even stronger basis for the Kremlin's fear of surprise attack. Despite our protestations, they see the Western air bases on their periphery not as defensive or even retaliatory sites, but as springboards for aggression. For example, the IRBM sites in England, Italy and Turkey have been and are being built above ground, with little attention paid to their protection. And while our purpose in building them in this fashion was primarily to achieve speed and economy, the Soviet strategist interprets the decision differently. If, he reasons, the West established the sites only for retaliatory purposes, they would have been more adequately protected; since they were not, it must follow that they are designed for launching a surprise, strike-first blow, after which what happens to them becomes unimportant. In sum, if the function of these launching sites is indeed merely to retaliate, would they have been left so vulnerable as to endanger their retaliatory capability?

Furthermore, the entire military posture of NATO is such as to encourage the Kremlin in its suspicions of Western intentions. All of the normal accouterments of a purely defensive effort have been undersupported in Europe and elsewhere;

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no real effort has been made to match the Warsaw nations in ground troops or conventional weapons. Conversely, heaviest emphasis has been upon strategic air power which, the West argues, is for purely retaliatory purposes. But since the same capability can be used for both strike-first and strike-back missions, the Soviet must operate from the less naive interpretation.

Thus, the general outlines of the Western military posture are such as to engender a high degree of fear in Soviet ranks, particularly when coupled with the not infrequent threats uttered by high-ranking U.S. political and military officers.

There is a tendency in the West to discount the fears of attack articulated by the Kremlin as propaganda designed to defame the United States and its allies. But two recent scholarly studies of Soviet military strategy, despite sharp disagreements on other points, come to the same conclusion on this one. In *War and the Soviet Union*, Herbert Dinerstein notes that when Tank Marshal Rotmistrov argues (in *Military Thought*, February, 1955) that surprise attack plays "an important part in the strategy of the United States and Great Britain," the Soviet Marshal is reflecting the "official Soviet appraisal." And in *Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age*, Raymond Garthoff likewise concludes that "the dominant Soviet image of American military strategy is a massive, surprise air blow with weapons of mass destruction."

All in all, there seem to be several excellent reasons for Soviet strategists to assume the probability of a Western-initiated surprise attack.

TURNING the coin over, do we find the same sort of fear on the Western side? And if so, is the fear equally justified? Without belaboring the arguments which are all too familiar to Americans, the answers must likewise be in the affirmative. Soviet behavior in Eastern Europe, the Middle East and Asia since World War II all lead to an image of aggressiveness. In addition, there are the repeated Soviet references to inevitable "showdown" and ultimate "Socialist victory," coupled with similar assertions in the still unrepudiated writings of Lenin and Stalin. There is also the increasing military power and technical prowess exhibited by the USSR in recent years. The Soviet now has, or soon will have, enough ICBMs to carry out a successful massive attack upon Western Europe and North America. Their submarine fleet is now estimated to be about 500-600 strong, with perhaps a hundred of them able to launch an IRBM from the relative safety of the ocean's depths.

Thus, it would seem that there is at least as much justification for fear of massive surprise attack on the part of Western strategists as among their opposite numbers in the USSR. And we have not yet dealt with some of the more subtle forces that make even greater the legitimacy of this reciprocal fear.

ONE SUCH force today is that of military technology and its dramatic impact upon the role of time in strategy. This takes two forms, each equally ominous. The first has to do with the speed with which one side can deliver a stunning blow upon the other. In the pre-World War I days, a surprise attack of any significant magnitude was almost impossible; reserves had to be mobilized and rail transportation converted to military purposes. Even in the pre-World War II era, destructiveness could arrive no sooner than the 200 or so miles per hour limit imposed by the aircraft of the day, and — assuming a state of near alert — there was always the ability to counter any attack with defensive craft and AA fire. But in the waning days of that war, the German V-2 ballistic missile gave us the forewarning of things to come. Here a weapon of considerable magnitude could be delivered from fifty miles away in a matter of minutes. More to the point, it could not be detected until on its final, downward trajectory, seconds before it landed on its target; and there was almost no way of intercepting it. Had the Nazis been able to produce the V-2 six months sooner, and to increase its range earlier, the Axis might well have come out victorious.

Today, each side has land- and sea-based IRBMs with ranges up to 1,800 miles, capable of delivering megaton nuclear warheads at speeds up to Mach 15 (fifteen times the speed of sound), and the USSR already is believed to possess a "significant" number of operational ICBMs, with about a hundred launching sites, and ranges up to 6,200 miles. The warning time is even less than that for the V-2, interception is currently impossible, and destructive power staggering. Either side could destroy most of the other's industrial and population centers, as well as its retaliatory military bases, with less than twenty minutes' warning time and with little chance of effective defense. The strategic impact of such a surprise attack is so great that it could conceivably lead to military victory in less than twenty-four hours.

The mutual awareness of such a possibility makes the situation more, rather than less, dangerous. Realizing the implications of a successful surprise attack upon itself, each side assumes that the other must be considering it. Thus begins the vicious psychological cycle which leads in turn to consideration of both preventive and pre-emptive attacks. If the planners on one side become convinced that the other is about to strike first, they have little choice but to try beating the adversary to the punch. Suppose that Western intelligence agencies begin to piece together enough evidence to persuade them (correctly or not) that the Soviet is planning such a strike in late October, as soon as the harvest is in. The natural response is to strike first. Suspecting that this is the Western decision, the Soviets (even if they had not originally intended a first strike) must now decide, in turn, to forestall this tragedy by getting in the first strike themselves. And so it goes, until one side or the other precipitates nuclear World War III through a "preventive" attack.

Even more likely, however, is the stumbling into war by what is called a "pre-emptive" strike. Here one side or the other picks up enough radar information (via Dewline or backscatter technique) to convince them that an attack has just been

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launched. Again, this information may or may not be accurate, but the risks of waiting are so great that a "counterattack" must be launched instantaneously. By error or miscalculation, this "retaliatory" blow may turn out to be, instead, a strike-first rather than a strike-back blow.

This highly unstable situation is made even more perilous by the second form which the impact of technology upon time may take. Here reference is to the fear of major technological "breakthrough."

Suppose, for a realistic example, that Western strategists become convinced that the Soviet is on the verge of producing a successful anti-missile device. With such a breakthrough, the Kremlin could be assured of delivering a devastating blow to the United States or Europe while suffering far less damage from a retaliatory blow. This might well tempt Khrushchev to exploit his enormously significant, if temporary, advantage. And even if it did not have this effect, United States or NATO strategists might well *assume* that it did. Thus the West might decide to strike first.

These are not the ungrounded fears of the paranoid, but rather the kind of calculations which do and should take place daily in military and political circles on both sides. Not that either side *wants* nuclear war. To the contrary, each wants desperately to avoid it, but the exigencies of the situation and the way in which the strategists have responded to these exigencies suggest that current and recent Soviet-Western behavior can only make more likely this nuclear holocaust.

AWARE of the dead-end which the constant and reciprocal increase of retaliatory fire power may lead to, those who make and study national strategies have recently begun to explore some new alternatives. This exploration is characterized by a degree of intellectual sophistication which would jar those who still believe in the "military mind" stereotype. The strategist of today, in the West or in the Soviet bloc, reads more, thinks more and writes more regarding the complexities of his profession; and while few can be said to have developed the requisite broad view of international politics, most have become far more rigorous and systematic in their analyses. It may be small comfort for those of us outside the decison-making ranks, but this trend does at least promise greater accuracy in predicting the other side's response.

Having said this, we move on to some of the less obvious and less traditional techniques which are now under consideration.

One approach, currently much in vogue, is to attempt to make one's retaliatory capability not only more powerful, but *less vulnerable*. One way of doing this is to move missile-launching sites underground, with greater protection via reinforced concrete, etc. Such sites could then be capable of launching a devastating counter-blow even *after* a surprise attack, unless they received direct hits. But as guidance systems improve (and they are being improved rapidly) direct hits can be anticipated with increasing certainty, and it will merely be a matter of putting a powerful enough warhead on the missile to penetrate the protection given the retaliatory site. Furthermore, the greater the destructiveness of the warhead, the less need there is for accuracy: a near miss by a five-megaton warhead is just as effective as a direct hit with one megaton. So the underground site may merely encourage the building of bigger warheads. And, of course, installation costs and building time are much greater for protected or underground sites.

Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
"I'll give you population control!"

Another way of decreasing the vulnerability of one's retaliatory power is to shift from fixed to mobile missile sites; trailer trucks, railroad cars, naval vessels and submarines all come under this category (with the last-named getting most of the attention). Again, the idea is that by making retaliatory sites more difficult to *detect*, the potential aggressor will be deterred by the knowledge that no matter how sweeping and saturating his first strike is, most of the retaliatory force will survive to deliver a speedy reprisal. Here the prospects are somewhat brighter, but they should not be exaggerated. Not only do the same arguments regarding fixed "hard" sites obtain, in that the larger weapon can destroy without a direct hit, but other considerations also enter.

IT IS naive to think that, as some have argued, the submarine is "virtually undetectable." Underwater detection techniques are improving quite rapidly, and it is probably only a matter of time before the seas will be just as susceptible to electronic monitoring as are the skies today. And the irony is that the same NATO people who are convinced that the USSR cannot hope to operate effectively underseas against the Western ASW (anti-submarine warfare) system also believe that U.S. submarines can maneuver and fire with near impunity.

Finally, the number of missile-launching submarines necessary to present an effective deterrent retaliatory force is well into the hundreds, considerably beyond what either side has or is willing to build in the next few years. And since only a nuclear-powered submarine can stay underwater for any long period of time — and thus avoid rapid detection — both sides would have to multiply many times over the handful of Polaris or Golem-equipped vessels now in operation.

Thus, a mobile and evasive retaliatory force may have some likelihood of deterring a surprise attack, but it cannot be viewed as even ap-

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proaching a solution of the problem.

Still another approach to surprise attack, and one gaining increasing prominence, is in the area of passive, or civil, defense. If, it is contended, each side can protect most of its population from destruction by combining an effective early-warning system with a large number of fall-out shelters, the other will be able to do less damage and thus be less inclined to strike first. Here is one of the more fatuous lines of reasoning to emerge from the distorted world of the cold war. For clearly, as long as no serious civil-defense program exists on either side (and this is certainly the case today), there is that much less inclination on each side to believe that the other is planning a nuclear strike. Conversely, such a program, once launched, might well persuade the other that the motivation is to protect industrial and military workers from retaliation *after* striking the first blow. In a sense, unprotected civilians are a highly persuasive indication of peaceful intent, and each side may well regard the other's exposed population as a hostage to peace. Furthermore, almost any shelter system can be partially compensated for by stepping up the size and radioactivity of the warheads employed. There may be a good case for civil defense, but it has yet to be made, and as a deterrent to surprise attack it makes no sense at all.

LET US turn now from the threat-of-reprisal as a deterrent to surprise attack to some less known, but perhaps more promising, techniques. If, as has been suggested, the real danger lies not in a cold-blooded decision to instigate World War III by unprovoked surprise nuclear attack, but in its launching by accident and miscalculation, our efforts should be in the direction of reducing the chance of miscalculation. This in turn requires that each side have *more* information about the other's intentions and behavior, rather than less. The primary objective here is to have each side as certain as possible that the other is not planning a surprise strike, and that any "evidence" to the contrary be quickly and credibly rejected. The same holds true of information tending to persuade one side that the other has already *launched*, or *not* launched, an attack.

Now it is clear at the outset that no amount of verbal protestation by one side or the other will be sufficient for these purposes. The fear and suspicion sown by fifteen years of cold war is too deep. A more reliable and authentic assurance is required, one which can be relied upon to inform not only when attack or plans for attack *are* under way, but when they are *not* under way. That is, any reliable monitoring system must be equally able to supply negative as well as positive *believable* information.

In the present transition period from aircraft to missile delivery, how can these requirements be met? To be more precise, how can each side *know* that those radar blips are birds and not planes, commercial and not military craft, meteors and not missiles? How can each know that those SAC flights are for training and not attack, or that an atomic explosion was a civilian accident and not a military strike? Moreover, not only must both countries know the truth, but there must be assurance that each knows that the other knows it. Otherwise country A, fearing that country B will "retaliate" in ignorance, may itself be tempted to strike first, after all. And what about the so-called "catalytic strike" launched upon one or both sides by a third party which calculates a gain for itself out of a Soviet-Western war? As long as there is no agreement on a test ban, and nuclear weapons threaten to proliferate, this problem will become increasingly pressing.

IT WOULD appear that a combination of techniques is essential if the necessary information is to be communicated rapidly and reliably. First, there must be some form of aerial inspection as originally outlined in the Eisenhower "open skies" proposal. Inspection aircraft must be flown on a round-the-clock basis, at a variety of altitudes, over Western, Soviet and in-between territory. Equipped with closed-loop TV, infrared cameras, radar, stabilized binoculars and long-distance radio-transmission equipment, these craft could provide much of the needed negative information promptly, accurately and continuously. As the national satellite programs (such as Project Samos) develop, satellites could gradually replace the manned aircraft. In addition, the "back-scatter" technique revealed by Project Tepee could be employed. This is a technique for detecting a flying missile by observing the ionization of the air in its wake. There is also under development a promising new "over-the-horizon" radar system known as Madres.

Parenthetically, even if no agreement for avoiding surprise attacks is negotiated in the near future, the West would be wise — if unorthodox — to share its missile-monitoring information with the Warsaw Pact states. This would be one more way of giving them a greater warning time, hence a longer response time, and thus reduce any temptation for them to launch a totally unnecessary pre-emptive strike. Likewise, the side which first perfects a solid-fuel missile propellant ought to make it available to the other. Since the count-down time for solid-fueled missiles is less than for the liquid-fueled, they can be held back for a longer period, giving more time to determine whether the opponent has in fact mounted an attack.

Beyond all this, it would probably be essential to station observers on the ground at some fraction of each side's launching sites, and in their aircraft and submarines. And it may well be that for each side to reveal to the other the positions of its offensive-retaliatory weapons (there is little difference), would actually increase rather than decrease its security: its launching sites would then become hostages to its own good faith.

Regardless of where the observers are posted, they must be provided with an independent and reliable communication network connecting all observation teams with key strategic command posts on each side. It is estimated that at least a thousand observers would be needed; preferably they should be re-

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cruited from U.N. personnel of neutral nationality, plus some from each of the two blocs involved.

The problems are great and the considerable innovations, political and technological, necessary for solutions may not be forthcoming. And even the institution of a reasonably reliable scheme against surprise attack would not provide the final answer to the present terrifying armaments race. There is far more to it than this. But any system which can break through the current stalemate, help stabilize the balance of terror, and perhaps set the precedent for a subsequent attack on weapons-testing, production and deployment, can only be welcomed. And as important as the atom-testing ban and political settlement may be, the prevention of surprise attack is by far the most urgent issue. It should be given top priority, both in the political councils and research laboratories of the world. Time is *not* on the side of mankind.

Civil War Centennial: Bull Run with Popcorn . . *Dan Wakefield*

Washington

GENERAL Ulysses S. Grant was gone for the day, but his staff was hard at work in the office of the federal Civil War Centennial Commission. Only that morning, a long-distance phone call had come in from a reporter on a Chicago daily, asking for a reserved seat at the re-enactment of the Battle of Bull Run. Karl S. Betts, executive director of the commission and, roughly speaking, aide-de-camp to its chairman, General U.S. Grant III (grandson of the original), sat at a long conference table, pointing to a large map of the nation and explaining to a visitor the coming campaign. Thirty-eight of the fifty states have now set up their own commissions to cooperate in the centennial, which starts next New Year's Day with a prayer by the President of the United States and will run, God willing, until we reach Appomattox in 1965. Presumably there will be no attempt to re-enact the Presidential assassination that followed the war. Richard M. Nixon is honorary vice chairman of the federal commission, and may be unlikely to want to risk putting ideas in the heads of hostile citizens.

But except for such scattered strategic withdrawals, few events will be missing and much will be added to the longest, most expensive, most elaborate celebration of tragedy in the history of any civilized country. The federal commission's office shares a red-brick, three-story building on Jackson Street with the "Joint Disarmament Study" and, if there were as much serious planning going on about disarmament as there is about the Civil War, we could expect to have every last weapon from the Atlas to the switch-blade beaten to a plowshare by 1965.

THE PLAN to whup us back to the days of Antietam on a national scale was endorsed by Congress on September 7, 1957, and $100,000 of federal money appropriated to get it under way. The original appropriation figure in the resolution was $50,000, but none other than Senator Harry S. Byrd, one of our stanchest advocates of federal thrift, led the drive that doubled the sum. The federal figure is piddling, however, compared to what the states are kicking in for their own Civil War centennial commissions. The Yankee states have granted what seem merely "token" sums (e.g., from Minnesota's $2,500 to Massachusetts' $25,000) compared to the Confederacy, led by Senator Byrd's own Virginia, which has voted $1,750,000 to dredge up the days of glorious defeat. Mississippi is of course near the top ranks with a $500,000 appropriation, and plans for such varied spectaculars as a re-enactment of the bombardment of the town of Rodney (the citizens will no doubt be evacuated with the aid of Civil Defense and the AEC), a commemoration of the siege of Vicksburg, observance of the Confederate Convention of Secession at Jackson, and the staging of two operas based on Civil War themes.

There are, of course, even vaster sums involved in the strictly commercial ventures planned for the centennial, and the federal commission is working to encourage and aid them whenever possible. General U. S. Grant III has bestowed official commendation certificates on the stars of a new movie called *The Horse Soldiers*, dealing with a Union cavalry raid. Most of the big studios and television networks are planning Blue-Gray extravaganzas to be issued during the centennial years, *Life* magazine will be on hand with a full-color series, and record companies are planning to assault our eardrums from hi-fi and juke box with everything from "Just Before The Battle, Mother" to rock'n'-roll variations on the Rebel yell. It seems inevitable that there will soon be a meeting at the summit between Mitch Miller and Bruce Catton.

If there is profit in the Birth of Christ, there is of course profit in the bloodiest war in our nation's history; and now, on the eve of its centennial, everyone seems to have found his own angle. The other day Mr. Betts, as head man of the show for the federal government, told a visitor that he had just returned from lunch with a man from the National Association of Travel Bureaus. "Those people, and the oil companies, predict the biggest travel years in American history during the centennial," Mr. Betts explained. Restoration of battlefields and marking of march routes is now going full speed ahead throughout the land (Arkansas has given $500,000 to restore the Pea Ridge battleground) with the hope of drawing pilgrims in convertibles and station

DAN WAKEFIELD, a frequent contributor, has a cousin in the D.A.R. who assures him that he is a distant descendant of Robert E. Lee.

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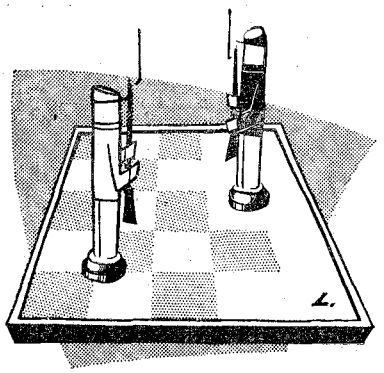


wagons toward the shrines of North and South.

The research of the federal commission has turned up a list of the forty concerns on the New York Stock Exchange which were doing business during the Civil War, and discovered that there was a Worthington pump on the *Monitor* when she was sunk (we are sure the sinking was no reflection on the quality of the Worthington pump), and that Bausch and Lomb lenses were used in many battles. The possibilities of finding commercial connections with the Great Conflict seem endless — for instance, what kind of Bourbon did Robert E. Lee prefer?

ASIDE from the extra bucks to be turned from commercializing the memory of nearly a half-million men who slaughtered each other, what are the reasons for a great revival of the darkest chapter in our national history? The men on the federal Civil War Centennial Commission are not profit-seekers, but sincere citizens who have long been students and enthusiasts of the Civil War. They are among the constantly growing group of Americans who belong to Civil War book clubs or read on their own among the 8,000 volumes already published on the subject (and we can be sure that hundreds, if not thousands, more will be added before 1965), or belong to the more than 500 Civil War Round Table groups which meet to hash over the fine points of obscure skirmishes and exchange views on their favorite subject. The battle of Antietam is to them what the 1946 Army-Notre Dame game is to football fans.

Mr. Betts is a silver-haired, enthusiastic gentleman out of the Washington, D.C., Civil War Round Table branch. He grew up in Abilene, Kansas, where he was a boyhood friend of Dwight D. Eisenhower, the honorary chairman of the federal commission. Mr. Betts seems to have the same kind of genuine sincerity and well-meaning philosophy as his fellow Abilenian, and even the visitor who found his views unsound would find it impossible not to like him personally.

In his office at commission headquarters, Mr. Betts sat across from a fireplace surmounted by silver sabers and vintage rifles, and explained that the purpose of the coming centennial was not to "romanticize" the war, but rather to give Americans a greater understanding and appreciation of this greatest event in their history. As to the possibility that the large-scale rites might reopen old wounds, Mr. Betts said: "Out of the thousands of letters we've received, only five people objected to the centennial. They felt it would be better to 'forgive and forget.' We wrote and told 'em that the people of the United States can *never* forget the Civil War. Some people thought that the South might not like the idea, but they're all for it. That's where the biggest enthusiasm is. The South may have lost the Civil War, but they're sure going to win the centennial."

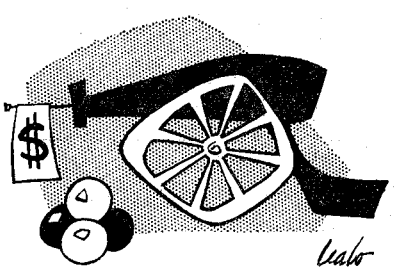
Just about the only defection from Confederate territory has come from *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, which refused to take any part in the forthcoming rituals on the grounds that it was "tired of the Civil War" and averse to a "centennial orgy of sectionalism." Mr. Betts feels that this won't be the case at all, and that, in fact, one of the continuing purposes of the centennial is the "healing of wounds." The commission's monthly newsletter, *100 Years Later*, has reported in its "Healing of Wounds" department such evidence of Blue-Gray brotherhood as the fact that the auxiliary of the Illinois Sons of Union Veterans recently gave a $150 cash award to Richard Fryxell, a high school senior who is a descendant of several *Confederate* veterans. As if this weren't enough to convince the blackest cynic that at last we no longer are a house divided, there is the letter that General Grant III received from Mrs. Florence Sillers Ogden of Rosedale, Miss., saying she would be glad to take part in the centennial and no longer feels any bitterness over the fact that "your grandfather shelled my grandmother's plantation as he steamed down the Mississippi on his way to Vicksburg. . . ."

It may be a bit more difficult, however, to find much evidence of "healing" in the centennial newsletter's happy announcement of plans such as the following:

> Arkansas, with Governor Faubus personally interested and taking an active part, is working at full speed on its centennial plans. The big interest at the moment is the possibility of a Pea Ridge re-enactment and possibly a small restaging of the capture of Little Rock. This state plans to send a detachment of its National Guard to participate in the program at First Manassas.

No doubt the Arkansas National Guard will be in good shape for the battle of Manassas, having served with distinction in the battle of Central High. And surely the U.S. paratroopers are well trained to participate in a "small restaging of the capture of Little Rock."

BUT WHERE will the Negroes (who, it must be admitted, had a certain stake themselves in these proceedings) be while all this is going on? In Little Rock, they will no doubt be at home with their doors locked. And I doubt that many Negroes will be on the bandstand when the gray-clad troops go marching up the streets of Jackson, Miss. Mr. Betts explained that Negroes have been cordially invited to take part in the centennial, just as have Jews, Irish and Hungarians, all of whom served with distinction in the Civil War. "You'd be surprised," Mr. Betts said, "at the number of



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Hungarians who came to this country to fight. They served mostly in the Union Army — two became officers — and they served loyally and well."

So now we know the historical origins of the Freedom Fighters. Their descendants, along with those of other minorities (such as the Negroes) will have "their own" celebrations. Mr. Betts called in some representatives from the Negro History Society. "I suggested," he told his visitor, "that they get the full story and present it to their own people. Negroes of both sexes attained prominence in the Civil War." When asked if either the centennial commission or any Negro groups were planning special observances for Emancipation Day, Mr. Betts explained:

"We're not emphasizing Emancipation. You see, there's a bigger theme — the beginning of a new America. There was an entire regiment of Negroes about to be formed to serve in the Confederate Army just before the war ended. The story of the devotion and loyalty of Southern Negroes is one of the outstanding things of the Civil War. A lot of fine Negro people loved life as it was in the old South. There's a wonderful story there — a story of great devotion that is inspiring to all people, white, black or yellow."

One would guess that if pressed to come up with some commemorative ceremony for Emancipation Day, the commission might have the Clara Ward singers giving out with "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and a devotional recitation by Aunt Jemima on the glories of "life as it was in the old South."

MR. BETTS says that one of the purposes of the centennial effort is the "replacing of legend with fact" about the Civil War. Toward this worthy end, old diaries are being dug up in attics and storerooms across the country to cast new light on old events, the FBI has been called in to recover the cast of an aluminum map of Meade's breakthrough at Fredericksburg that was stolen from the National Museum there last June, and the commission itself is prepared to set the public straight by shattering such time-honored myths as the one which has Farragut saying, "Damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead." (Actually, according to Mr. Betts, there were no torpedoes.) In its search for new facts on the Grand Conflict, the commission has also come up with such heart-stirring news as that Harmon Killebrew, home-run hero of the Washington Senators, had a grandfather who was judged "the Union Army's finest physical specimen for the state of Illinois."

All this is fine to know, but does it really "replace legend with fact" and avoid the "romanticism" about the nation's greatest tragedy? It is of course ridiculous to blame Karl Betts and the members of the federal Civil War Centennial Commission for inventing such notions as those that the loyal old darkies loved "the South as it was," that the Gray-Blue conflict was "the last Gentleman's War" (one catches the scent of magnolias and the glint of sabers in the very phrase), and that the death of nearly half a million men was surrounded by a blue-gray haze of glory. Those notions have become a part of our popular heritage, and if the commission doesn't tell you they're so, Henry Luce and Sam Goldwyn will.

For example, in the January 11 issue of *Life*, a spread was devoted to the death of the last Confederate soldier, accompanied by a Bruce Catton eulogy entitled "End of the Gallant Rebs." Mr. Catton tells us that the soldiers of the Rebel army were "lean and sinewy men who liked to fight" (were there no fat ones who would rather sit and smoke?) and that the Confederate infantry "had a savage, inspired ferocity which made it almost unstoppable when it was making an attack, but it also had a dogged endurance which made it equally dangerous on the defensive." The last sentence might easily have been used for a pre-game story of the Syracuse football team on the eve of the Cotton Bowl. Indeed, the whole thing has now become a glorious game, and the centennial will allow us to play it again, with real skirmishes and uniforms, for another five years. The federal commission's pamphlet, *Facts About the Civil War*, has a section entitled "The Starting Lineups."

The Civil War, if we aren't careful, may replace night baseball by 1965.

TOMORROW'S AIR CRASH . . *by Karl M. Ruppenthal*

SHOCKED by the high incidence of airline accidents in 1959—"one of the highest in recent years" — Senator A. S. Mike Monroney, chairman of a Senate subcommittee on aviation, last week opened an inquiry. The Senator is concerned because, in the twelvemonth which ended December 31, 329 persons were killed on the nation's scheduled airlines in a total of 103 accidents — twice the fatality rate per million passenger-miles as that of the preceding year. A perusal of the accident reports indicates no simple causal pattern.

Time was when airline accidents were dismissed as inevitable. In the days of the barnstorming pilot, flying was a hazardous business. People who rode planes were daredevils, akin to those who braved Niagara Falls in a barrel. In the earliest days of flying the mail, as many as 25 per cent of all air-mail pilots were killed in a single year. This is no longer true. Flight safety has im-

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proved so much that today you are far safer flying from New York to San Francisco than you are driving in your own automobile. Even in the accident-ridden year of 1959, only .73 persons were killed for every hundred million passenger-miles flown. But even this decimal is far too large.

Too many airline passengers will be killed in 1960. While some deaths may result from conditions beyond control, others will be "encouraged." Here are some of the conditions which may "encourage" this year's accidents to happen:

1. Inadequate airports for the jet age. As of today, there is not a single commercial airport in the United States that is completely adequate to handle jets under all conditions. Most of the runways are too short. Others are obstructed by television towers, apartment houses and high-tension lines.

When new airplanes are certified, they are tested under ideal conditions. Take-offs and landings are made on smooth, dry runways with no slope. Test flights are flown by skilled test pilots under ideal conditions to demonstrate the optimum performance of a new plane. These men have been known to practice for days to perfect a technique which would shorten the landing roll by a hundred feet. Engines are new and in perfect condition. Planes are trim, and their gross weight is calculated accurately. It is on the basis of these maneuvers that a new plane is certified; they determine such things as the legal gross weight for take-off and the type of runway required for landing.

UNHAPPILY, these ideal test conditions seldom obtain in routine airline operations. Many airport runways are pitted, pocked or contoured. Some have humps that might delight a dromedary, but which steal precious momentum from a heavily loaded jet on its take-off roll. Sometimes the runways at a given airport appear to be the product of several rival engineers, each intent on establishing his own individual runway elevation.

And, of course, rain and snow are not unknown. Stopping distance increases tremendously when runways are wet and slick. Today's aircraft are exceedingly dependent upon reliable, effective brakes. But brakes don't always work. Stopping distance may increase a third when runways are wet. If they are glazed with ice, the pilot might prefer a set of skates to his ineffective brakes.

2. Inadequate airport planning. Although designers have indicated for at least a generation that planes would become larger and faster, airport builders have too often ignored the trend. Some airports are conveniently close to cities, but grossly inadequate for the planes they must serve. Busy airports in Chicago, Washington and New York are strained to the bursting point by hordes of planes they were never planned to handle.

Many adjacent areas are inadequately zoned, if indeed they are zoned at all. Some airports were nicely planned in the wide, open spaces, but the builders failed to consider the ambitious subdivider, who frequently plants houses around the approaches. The results are not pleasant for home owners, who must listen to airport noise, nor for the pilot, who continually concerns himself about the houses. Pressures are exerted to change the take-off pattern so that the airport will be a less undesirable neighbor. Older airports like Chicago's Midway are so boxed in that they could be enlarged only at tremendous expense.

3. Inadequate approach lights. As early as 1940, the Air Line Pilots Association (ALPA) began studies to determine the most effective type of runway and approach lights. When a pilot completes an instrument approach at night, radio facilities usually bring him within half a mile of the beginning of the runway. From that moment, he is dependent upon his eyes. Within a few seconds he must determine his position visually and decide whether he is lined up or whether he must pull up and go around. Good approach lights can do much to help him make the right decision.

After months of cooperative study by the Air Transport Association, the CAA and the ALPA, the pilots recommended a thorough testing of a "center line" system of approach lights. This system indicates clearly the direction of the runway and eliminates many visual problems associated with seeing a single light in the dark. The test installation was made at the Newark Airport, where it has proved its worth. The ALPA has since advocated that all airports standardize on this excellent system. But in 1960—ten years after the tests—approach lights are not yet standardized. At some airports, they are lined up with the center of the runway; at others they are to the right or left; still others have none at all. Nearly half of 1959's accidents occurred within half a mile of an airport. At least one of the accidents might have been averted had good approach lights been installed.

4. Inadequate traffic control. Today's commercial aircraft are heavily dependent on Airways Traffic Control (*ATC*) for separation. Planes are so built that the pilot's vision is restricted to a very small arc. He cannot see planes behind him, nor those above or below. At high altitude, where there are usually no points of reference, strange things happen to vision, and depth perception may temporarily be lost. And even if an oncoming jet is spotted ten miles away, there may be insufficient time to avoid collision because of the speed of today's craft. All this means that the traffic controllers on the ground must provide traffic separation, allocating each plane its own bit of air space.

BUT THE trouble is that ATC is sometimes inadequate for the task. Our manual system of traffic control was reasonably adequate for the DC-3, but it is less than adequate for the jet age. At high altitude, the jets depend on ground radar installations to separate them from military traffic. But the radar does not always work: for reasons which are not well known, the scopes do not always pick up a certain type of military jet. Sometimes a jet is "lost" on the operator's radar scope. It takes about twenty seconds for the courser to make a sweep around the radar scope. In this interval two jets on a collision course may cut the distance separating them by seven miles. There are occasional conflicts in radio frequencies, so that when one radar controller is warning a flight about

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oncoming traffic, his voice is blotted out by another installation. At least two near-collisions have been averted because the oncoming plane was seen by the second officer when both the captain and copilot were occupied with other duties.

5. Inadequate copilot training. For many years the Civil Air Regulations have required that airline captains be well trained. Before flying as pilot in command, a pilot must earn a commercial license and an air-transport rating. He must also take the appropriate Federal Aviation Agency's rating test for each aircraft he will fly in airline service. Captains must take periodic checks to demonstrate their continued proficiency.

But these regulations do not apply to copilots. Until recently, all that was required of the second in command was that he have a commercial license and an instrument rating. These he could earn by flying 200 hours in a cub. No regulation demanded that he be qualified in the aircraft he might be asked to fly.

While it is true that on the better lines copilots have been well qualified, on some lines there is a tendency to save on training costs. Overly cost-conscious officials have been known to take refuge in the fact that the Civil Air Regulations have not required that copilots really be trained. Until recently, the government demanded no more than that the copilot make three take-offs and landings every ninety days to be "qualified" in the planes in which he flew. Some copilots were never trained in emergency procedures. Others would have been ill-prepared indeed if they were ever called upon to fly the plane.

Concerned about the inadequate training on some lines, the Federal Aviation Agency has quite recently proposed tougher copilot training requirements. While the new regulations do not provide for a copilot transport license—long advocated by the Air Line Pilots Association—they are a definite step in the direction of safety. Under the new rules all pilot-training programs must be approved by the FAA. The effectiveness of this approach will depend upon the training philosophy adopted by the administrator and his staff in Washington and also on the interpretations given the regulations in the field.

6. Inadequate second officer training. Just as the copilot is an essential man on conventional aircraft, so is the second officer essential on the jets. Recognizing this fact, the employment agreement on every airline flying jets requires a three-pilot operating crew. Yet on some lines the second officer is not qualified.

On conventional aircraft one of the most important functions of the copilot is to relieve the captain in case of necessity. In an emergency situation, one man can fly a Constellation or a DC-7. If need be, he can manage the flight, operate the radio, and land the plane. But such an operation would hardly be safe in a 600-mile-per-hour jet. With today's traffic congestion, these complicated aircraft require two pilots continually in their seats. In busy traffic areas there is simply too much for one man to do.

It is for this reason that the second officer is required. Most of the airlines want him to be well qualified so that he can act as copilot should the need arise. He can supply that extra margin of safety which can prevent disaster in a pinch. In the well-trained crew, the copilot is qualified to assume the duties of the captain, and the second officer can temporarily take his place. Yet on some airlines second officers have only the most rudimentary qualifications. One line gives them only one hour's training in the jet before they are scheduled out on flights! On this line, the captain is the only man on board who is qualified to fly the plane. Should he develop diarrhea, a severe headache or splitting sinus pains (and all these have happened to pilots in the air), the copilot would have a difficult job landing the plane. The second officer would be all but unable to help him, for he has had almost no training on the plane.

THERE IS, of course, no simple course of action which will eliminate accidents in the air. But these are danger areas where fruitful work may well be done. It is not enough to blame the pilot nor to urge him to be more cautious. What is important is that conditions which contribute to accidents be speedily eliminated.

A SPANIARD RETURNS . . *by Antonio Sanchez-Barbudo*

ON RETURNING to Spain I felt myself to be a stranger in my own house.

What before was familiar, I now saw as a tourist. Twenty years had not passed for nothing. In addition, a certain bitterness came between me and what I saw, although there was no difficulty in communicating with the people. I understood well what they said and also a good deal of what they did not say. Perhaps the distance of my vantage point made things clearer.

The old cathedrals—as I could verify—are still there. The silence of many an isolated little square is the same. And on the barren hills high above the fields one can still see the outlines of castles in ruins. Other things also have changed very little. There is now, it is true, the personal dictatorship of Franco; the dominant role of the clergy, the military, and the rich, both old and new. But all this, though now in exaggerated form, is nothing new to

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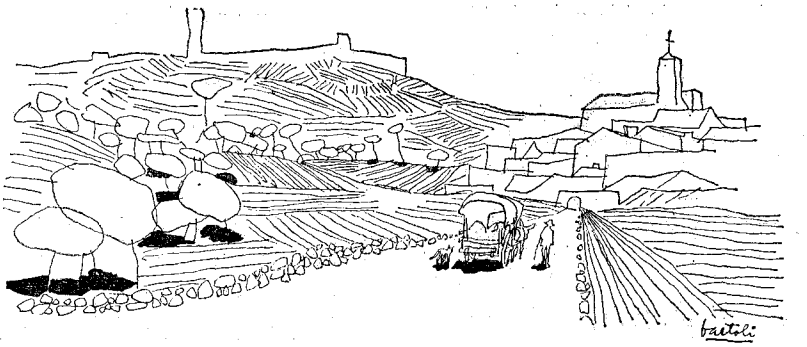
Spain. What is new is the bloody way in which this situation was arrived at—not only the civil war, but also what followed. In Spain this is remembered well; fear persists.

What has changed most, I would say, is the Spaniard himself. Many no longer think as they once did, and among the young a complete lack of opinion is most common. There is no point in talking of "political ideas." There is rather a general change of feeling.



IN THE first place, there is great discontent, especially among workers, peasants, white-collar employees, etc., resulting directly from the desperate economic situation. This is not a new thing, although the complaints are now more bitter and more frequent. *Some* live better; the upper middle class, though still small, is more numerous; and there have been certain improvements in medical care and the like. But the situation of the majority is wretched. Workdays are longer and hardships are greater. Prices have risen more than salaries since the pre-war era. The discontent is therefore not without foundation. However, it also happens—as it has been happening in so many parts of the world today—that the Spaniard compares his situation with that of others and is becoming less resigned to his poverty. He aspires to what before was out of the question.

But what was most disheartening for me, no matter how foreseeable and justifiable it may be, was to see this discontent linked almost always to a complete passivity, to a lack of fighting spirit. There is only resentment and disillusion, if not indifference, among the people. This, however, could well change in a moment. Under certain circumstances — if bonds become too tight or if fear suddenly ends — resentment might well become rage in spite of the threat, still alive, of a second civil war.

The pessimism of the individual toward his own future is linked to a similar pessimism toward the future of his country. It is as if the awareness of the catastrophic failure of Spain, of its great political and economic lag, so vivid to the intellectuals for more than two centuries, had now passed to the people. Now all sense this failure, and few have any hope of salvation. Nor is there among the common people—contrary to the case of the intellectuals—a longing for the greatness of the past. There is rather a simple belief that in Spain everything is worse than everywhere else. This is not new either; but I heard it expressed much more often. It is a purely negative attitude, the expression of resentment and discontent. Hardly had I crossed the border when a gas-station attendant informed me that "the best gasoline of Spain is worse than the worst of anywhere else." And this with anger and a gesture of disgust.

THIS type of discontent, too, existed before. But a certain political and union activity was common then, and people shared the same hopes. Now such activity is no longer possible, but neither does there seem to be the desire for it. Each one simply gets along as best he can, rather more badly than well, and with more hatred than resignation. This seems to me most dangerous for the future, and more dangerous the longer it lasts. The memory of war and repression is still a fearsome shadow. Terror and disillusion paralyze the will for the moment. However, the profound discontent caused by the economic situation of Spain is a latent revolutionary force now as before, perhaps even more than before.

On the other hand, among certain intellectuals, professional groups, technicians, etc., a quite different attitude is common. A dislike or even hate for the regime is frequent; or, at least, a desire for change. It is, however, a surprisingly anti-dogmatic position. There is a certain tolerance and moderation, a desire for harmony, which is completely new to Spain. (At times, of course, even those associated with the regime, and thus fearful of change, speak of work, peace and the necessity for ending hate.) I noted that most of the time, on the Left as well as on the Right, there is a sincere desire to solve in the best way possible, peacefully and with a certain amount of freedom, the problems of the nation.

There is talk today of Catholic liberalism, scarcely in existence before, and even of many young priests and monks who think along social lines and who favor a change of regime. I do not know if there are as many as reported to me, but clearly there are some. There is today a greater cordiality in human relationships than during the years preceding the civil war. "He is a fine person," is a phrase often heard to explain friendship—once inconceivable—between ex-Republicans and ex-Falangists, Catholics and pseudo-Communists, Don Juan Monarchists and ex-prisoners, between freethinkers and counts. To the great surprise of the ex-refugee, these friendships can be found in the university, the Academy, the literary magazines (even those supported by the government), as well as in many homes, public offices, etc.

THESE two contradictory attitudes of the majority and the minority—an important minority because of its composition—seem to me the most significant factor in today's Spain. And both may be explained in part as the result of what has happened in the last twenty years.

The memory of the war is not only one of slaughter. The war produced an enormous crime wave,

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especially at the beginning, and on both sides, but it also raised a wave of hopes. What before had seemed beyond solution suddenly appeared, on both sides, to be clearly solvable through the elimination of the other half of Spain. And by saving the country, the whole world was to be saved. This great hope, whose splendor spread through the world, and for which many lived and died, was soon destroyed. But in Spain it has left a great gap which is still felt, a great disillusionment. "So much blood, so much suffering, all for nothing," is the bitter judgment of many.

OBVIOUSLY the Spanish Republicans are disheartened. But the sincere Falangists—and I now believe many were sincere—have for years been as disenchanted as the Republicans, and very close to them. The only winners in the conflict were the military, the clergy and the reactionaries. And many of these are today repentant, insecure and, above all, afraid of "the second round." As for the young, those who have no notion of the civil war, they do not wish to know anything about it. It may be said, then, that after the supreme effort of the civil war, so costly and so useless, the majority of Spaniards have given up all attempts at solving their own and the nation's problems, while others — the educated and the sensitive—are searching for a path different from the civil war: tolerance, harmony between the "two Spains." All know, however, that this will not be easy.

The repression which followed the war had a similar effect. The rejection of fighting by the great majority is due not only to the memories of past terror, but also to the present terror. Although it is now not as bad as it was then, there are still arrests, beatings—especially of workers—and years of prison for anyone who goes from talk to action in even the smallest way. On the other hand, the persecution of leftists and liberals has brought about *rapprochement* between the survivors among them—especially intellectuals—and the rightists who often protected them and saved their lives, and who are now ashamed of the regime they once supported either from conviction or fear. One must hear the tales of those who were imprisoned for years, often for no other crime than for having found themselves in the "nationalist" zone at the outbreak of the military rebellion; one must read in the faces of many the anguished desire for forgiveness of unavoidable human weakness and surrender, and listen to stories, often incredible but true, in order to understand the great drama of the repression, with its silent martyrs, its executioners, its willing and unwilling accomplices, its anonymous heroes. What has remained from all this is an overpowering feeling of horror and a desire, explainable enough, to forget, to forgive and to be forgiven.

With these two attitudes in mind, passivity and resentment on the part of the majority, tolerance and moderation on the part of a minority on the other, we come to the unavoidable question: what will happen next? Before attempting to answer it some other facts must be considered.

THERE EXIST in Spain some microscopic groups of organized opposition to the regime which enjoy the sympathy, though not the active support, of the intellectual minority. Usually these groups comprise a number of friends around some central figure who can act with a certain impunity. There are several tendencies—ex-Falangist, Monarchist, Christian Democratic—but all have one aim: the replacement of the present regime with one more liberal. They are hardly active, and have not the least popular support, although they claim sympathy among bankers, Church and military officials and even, as some optimists assert, among *los Americanos*. There is much talk of uniting these minute parties—excluding, of course, the Communists—and of their great future. This may be possible, after all, for, insignificant as they may be, there is no other organized opposition apart from the Communists and, possibly, a certain latent force of Socialists and Anarcho-Syndicalists.

One of the most outstanding ex-Falangists assured me that if the Socialists would give up their demand for immediate elections and would guarantee a certain stability for a new regime, there would then be military officers ready to effect a *coup*. To me—and to others—this seems most doubtful. The military bear great responsibility for all that has happened; the brass enjoys lucrative positions on the boards of directors of government-favored enterprises and elsewhere. Most of the military have very little to gain from the fall of Franco. Among them there may be a few liberals, certainly there are Monarchists of varying shades; and undoubtedly Franco has personal enemies among the generals. However, in all probability, none will make a move unless the regime seems in real danger, in which case saviors of democracy will appear on all sides.

A worsening of the economic situation could well provoke a *coup*. Already in 1956 a wave of strikes, which forced the government to decree a wage increase (soon nullified by inflation), and a series of student riots, did bring the regime into peril for the first time. There was even talk, apparently well founded, of an ultimatum from the chief of the Madrid garrison which stopped loyal Falangists (a few still exist) from executing a number of students along with the eminent rector of the university, Laín Entralgo, a liberal Falangist who has since been dismissed.

Later things finally calmed down, and since then new attempts to instigate strikes and protests have failed almost completely. But they may not always fail, especially if unemployment and poverty, the results of the government's economic readjustment program, continue to grow. An explosion could well come about by spontaneous combustion. The government, of course, will do everything in its power to prevent this point being reached. If it is successful, there will be no *coup* and everything will go on just the same *until Franco dies*.

Then it will be different. Everything is prepared for Prince Juan Carlos to take the throne and maintain the *status quo*, but this is far from likely. Many new pressures will arise, many old loyalties will come

(Continued on page 108)

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Gray and Agassiz: A Good Quarrel

ADVENTUROUS ALLIANCE: The Story of the Agassiz Family of Boston. By Louise Hall Tharp. Little, Brown & Co. 354 pp. $5.

ASA GRAY: 1810-1888. By A. Hunter Dupree. Harvard University Press. 505 pp. $7.50.

Odell Shepard

THESE SHARPLY contrasting books come together on the reviewer's table at the close of the "Darwin Century" for the reason, apparently, that the two men named in their titles were violently driven apart when that century began. The reason is good and sufficient. As seen from our distance, Asa Gray and Louis Agassiz have the look of ideal opponents. Their conflict, like the synchronous War Between the States, can now be recognized as an event not only inevitable but emblematic and reverberant. Problems that it seemed to solve once and for all are emerging again, now that scientists are beginning to philosophize about their own work, in much the same form that they assumed for the thinkers of ancient Athens.

Good quarrels often spring from wide areas of agreement, and these two men had much in common. Both reared in pious homes—Agassiz as the son of a Swiss pastor and Gray in upper New York as a completely orthodox Presbyterian—they kept throughout life an unwavering belief in a Creator who made the world and all therein with a deliberate purpose and design. Both entered the field of biology through the medical profession, and although we now think of Gray as exclusively a botanist and of Agassiz as an authority on glaciers who paid some attention to fossil fishes, both of them regarded the natural sciences as indivisible, no aspect of which they could afford to ignore. Agassiz's knowledge of botany was extensive, and Gray triumphantly invaded his rival's field by using the theory of glaciation to explain why the flora of Japan resembles that of New England more closely than it does that of any intermediate region—a fact which Agassiz himself could account for only by assuming a duplicate creation of all the plants involved.

CONJECTURES so vast and vague may seem old-fashioned to those who like to believe that science is now swinging free from the trammels of abstract thought and into a realm of cold ascertainable facts about things that can be counted, measured and weighed. Now it is true that in both of these minds there lingered a good deal of that sheer audacity which emboldened young Francis Bacon to say that he had taken all knowledge for his province and made John Milton think that he could justify the ways of God toward men. Gray and Agassiz, who flourished in Cambridge only a hundred years ago, remind us of the seventeenth century no less than do the Transcendentalists of Concord fifteen miles away. To a degree they felt the excitement and enthusiasm of early voyagers, for in their time the flora and fauna of the Americas were not well known. They showed an equal eagerness in the discovery and taxonomic arrangement of species, although they came to differ widely about the nature of species itself.

To these identities and overlappings we should add that Agassiz and Gray were phenomenally hard workers, prolific writers and devoted teachers, always avidly seeking disciples and funds for the extension, not so much of their fame, as of their influence. Their success in that effort is attested by the institutions in Cambridge that still bear their names. To the credit of both these pioneer minds, furthermore, we should set it down that they recognized and fulfilled the obligation to send back clear reports of their findings on nature's frontiers. Agassiz was a highly popular speaker on the lecture platform, partly because he was able, as Gray once said, to discuss zoological topics "in such a manner that ladies might attend." Gray himself was more adept as a writer, and some of his anonymous contributions to popular magazines were attributed, because of their humor and grace of expression, to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

For many years Gray and Agassiz served together on the Harvard faculty with the outward appearance, at least, of mutual liking and respect. To Gray, however, it was more and more difficult to avoid the twinges of envy as he watched the really spectacular successes, in social as well as professional life, of a man who first saw America when almost forty years old. It did not help to recall that when he arrived on these shores this man was famous throughout the scholarly world, and that year by year he had become more so. Agassiz seemed to belong to every club in Boston, and he had easy access there to the homes of wealthy people. It could not be charged that he had married for money, but certainly, in the terms of Tennyson's northern farmer, he had gone where money was.

And how he improved his opportunities! Asa Gray, trying to run his own department on a shoestring, was astonished by the ease with which this foreigner extracted large sums from the bankers and manufacturers of Boston—never on his own account, to be sure, for everyone knew that Agassiz was fantastically ignorant of money, but for his projects, his excursions and the apparatus of his laboratory. Harder to bear than his success in "bleeding Boston," as Gray called it, was the man's way of attracting good students, as though by fascination. There were natural gifts and traits of character in Agassiz which Gray could not hope to emulate and perhaps did not understand. His good nature and *bonhomie,* the ease of his manners—he smoked cigars in the lecture room and let his pupils do the same—his ingratiating and infectious laughter, made people like him in spite of themselves. No doubt his magnificent physique had something to do with the matter, and Gray himself was physically unimpressive.

IT IS by no means certain, however, that Gray's attack upon his colleague was actuated by envy. Far more important to him than any emotional or selfish consideration was his radical disagreement with the principles and methods of Agassiz's work as a scientist. These had not, for some mysterious reason, prevented the Swiss scholar from doing a huge amount of precise and brilliant work, but in Gray's opinion they were utterly wrong. German in origin, deriving from Goethe, Schelling, Oken and Döllinger, backed up also by Cuvier and Von Humboldt with whom Agassiz had come in touch in his early manhood, they composed as a whole a vague and half-mystical *Naturphiloso-*

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phie of which Gray, a man of Scottish ancestry and with little room in his head for ideas that were not clear, could make no sense. What meaning could be extracted from Agassiz's statement that "a species is an idea in the mind of God"? For an ignorant man like Emerson to mouth that sort of nonsense in his book called *Nature* was bad enough, but for a scientist to say such things, and to teach them to young men at Harvard, was intolerable. Gray resolved to attack that scientist where he would feel it most.

The carefully planned strategy of this attack, together with its successful outcome, makes excellent reading in Mr. Dupree's book. In this place one can only say that it was considerably helped by the appearance in 1859 of *The Origin of Species,* that world-shaking work to which Gray had contributed much during years of correspondence with its author. Agassiz called it "poor—very poor!" and, according to Gray, "growled over it like a well-cudgelled dog." A probably apochryphal story is told at Harvard about an occasion when Gray accused Agassiz of being "a deductive thinker" and Agassiz, deeply insulted, replied that Gray was "no gentleman." Agassiz never accepted the Darwinian theory, but Gray had thought his way into it before he knew Darwin. Indeed, he thought beyond it. Perhaps the most beneficent thing he ever did was to declare, repeatedly and with strong emphasis, that it is quite possible to believe in evolution as the means employed by God for working out His divine purpose and design. Thus he maintained for himself and many others a religious orthodoxy which had nothing to fear from the winds of scientific doctrine.

No significant comparison can be drawn between these two books, both excellent in their utterly different ways. It is worth saying, however, that one learns much more about the thought of Louis Agassiz from the book about Asa Gray than one does from *Adventurous Alliance.* Mrs. Tharp, indeed, does not seem to be much interested in anyone's thoughts. Her concern is with people, and here, as in her earlier books of the same pleasant kind, she shows remarkable deftness in presenting them as members of groups. Five families are brought before us in the present work, and the list of "principal characters" totals fifty-six. They all have their entrances and exits and most of them are given a few spoken lines which one feels sure are authentic, but the total effect is somewhat like that expressed by Miranda in her outcry: "Oh, wonder! How many goodly creatures have we here!" And yet one creature, goodly indeed, is most carefully and affectionately drawn in this book. Elizabeth Cabot Cary, who became Louis Agassiz's second wife in 1850, emerges from the crowd of ladies and gentlemen among whom she spent her eighty-five years as a woman courageous and shy (so sheltered in early life that she was thirty when she first learned about prostitution on a trip up the Amazon), a good wife, a wonderful stepmother, founder and first President of Radcliffe College. Mrs. Tharp's book should live a long while on account of this superb portrait alone.

It is strange that we have had to wait so long for an adequate biography of Asa Gray, but perhaps it would have been impossible at any earlier time to assemble the materials with which Mr. Dupree has worked—or, for that matter, to acquire the kind of scholarship he brings to bear upon them. The history of science and, still more evidently, the philosophy of it, is of recent development in America. Here is an important contribution to both of these interests. It represents an amount of research which one can only call enormous, yet the information it conveys is so continually illumined and enlivened by interpretation that the thought is never overwhelmed by the facts. This is a book for people who do care about thoughts, and who realize, with Napoleon, that "ideas rule the world."

The Latin Dictators

FREEDOM IS MY BEAT. By Jules Dubois. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 295 pp. $3.95.

TWILIGHT OF THE TYRANTS. By Tad Szulc. Henry Holt & Co. 312 pp. $4.50.

Carleton Beals

FREEDOM IS MY BEAT is a revised version of the Perils of Pauline. Jules Dubois is the best bullet-dodger in Latin America; he lands among the chattering machine guns just as the gas tank registers zero and the engine coughs; he is beat up by "Communist goons" but escapes; he foils the machinations of police and army bullies (usually with the help of the American Ambassador), wades through the hand-grenades to the cable office ten minutes before the line is cut off.

Not mere facetiousness. A bullet is a bullet; a city that has been razed by an earthquake, with 5,000 dead and food and health facilities cut off, is not a pleasant place to be; military bullies are dangerous creatures when law has broken down; any kind of revolution has its risky moments.

One must also admire, with reservations, Dubois' efforts for eight years as chairman of the Press Freedom Committee of the Inter-American Press Association. He has often been a thorn in the flesh of dictators, gotten various press bans temporarily lifted, as in Batista's Cuba, and has saved a number of newspaper men from painful imprisonment. Dubois' concept of freedom of the press does not include Communist newspapers, whose representatives are now excluded from the Inter-American organization. This year the Conference has whitewashed the recipients of subsidies from the Batista dictatorship while criticizing Castro's intimidation of the press, though thus far no censorship exists.

DUBOIS, who wrote a slapdash uncritical biography of Castro, is now beginning to hedge. He still believes in land reform, but with growing doubts, and asks insistently when Cuba will be made safe for American business.

This book, too, is slapdash, in the style of an ex-Hearst man and a correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune,* which since the days of Demarest Lloyd, seventy years ago, has scarcely concerned itself with the noble causes of human freedom for which Dubois is such an ardent spokesman. Dubois is a dramatic window-dresser, often eloquent, but his reporting adds up pretty much to the zigzag official government policy. He still has some of the adroitness of his period as a chief of military intelligence on the Canal Zone. During the McCarthy period, he pretty much based all his explanations of Latin American events on the shindigs of the Communists, so there is not much reliability in his interpretations, which in any case are scant. He has hotly fought all implications that the United States press is not as free as the air. And one wonders how he could see salvation and freedom in a pip-squeak like Castillo Armas in Guatemala.

If there is little information about Latin America in Dubois, this is reme-

CARLETON BEALS, who has lived and worked as a correspondent for much of his life in Latin America, has reported for The Nation *on Castro's Cuba and other Latin American crises.*

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died to a considerable extent by Tad Szulc. His abilities are an asset to *The New York Times*. Though no mention is made of it in the text or the blurb, he, too, has had his brushes with difficult moments. He is the only correspondent who ever had the temerity to send dispatches from the scene in the Dominican Republic. He had to be saved by the Ambassador, and lucky he was. He was tried, dictator-style, in absentia, sentenced to jail, fined and ordered to pay a whopping indemnity for alleged libel. This futile rage testifies to the accuracy of his reports.

Szulc makes few errors, though he falls into some dubious generalizations in his chapter on Perón, the only weak one in his gallery of dictators. Largely it is a rehash of biased propaganda so long dished out in the United States. It is something of a chore, given Perón's popinjay character and his egregious mistakes, to place his movement in due perspective. Szulc has done better than any previous commentator, but he is not well versed in inner Argentine politics.

To call the last election of former Liberal President Hipólito Irigoyen "a completely untrammeled election" is startling; it was the most coercive and corrupt election since the days of Rosas. He claims that Ambassador Spruille Braden provided the "only post-war" instance of the United States "taking a clear unequivocal stand against dictatorship in Latin America." Not at all. Braden meddled atrociously and improperly in the election, supporting the platform of the most reactionary land-holders' party, in behalf of José P. Tamborini, an inept stooge of foreign corporation lawyers, a bumbling, lazy stock-grower who believed less in democracy than in Santa Claus. Why Argentina should owe "an eternal debt of gratitude" to the sanguinary regime of General Pedro E. Aramburu for turning the country back to its traditional feudal overlords, Szulc does not explain. To call Frondizi, who took office in 1958, "the first completely freely elected president in thirty years," is absurd. Is an election in which a general decides which parties may participate in the election, and in which the largest party in the country is outlawed, a free election?

But Szulc's story of Vargas is splendid; he has real understanding of Brazil. His other accounts about Odría (Peru), Rojas Pinilla (Colombia) and Marcos Pérez (Venezuela) are well done and, if not profound, give as much as the average American reader can absorb. Though the over-all yardsticks are mostly those of contemporary United States political thought, which is twice as dreary when it attempts to appraise a foreign culture, Szulc has basic appreciation for the economic and political forces of the various countries.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

ON A RECENT Friday evening about eleven, I was standing in a line of cordial people waiting at the fourth floor checkroom at the New School for Social Research on West 12th Street, after a unique program there titled "What Is Good Design and Planning in New York?" It was unique not only because there were eight intelligent panelists to be heard, but also because there was cheese, fruit, pastry, coffee, brandy and liqueurs to accompany their rationalizing. I recognized no journeyman city planners in the audience, which was not surprising; tickets at $12.50 a head are not pitched at people in that salary range. But neither were there any full-time professional planners among the eight panelists, which did seem strange.

By 11 P.M. I was missing them. Most city planners are quiet, penetrating types, but some I know are given to logical verbal explosions against the insane commercial exploitation which takes the form of very high-priced real estate promotions in the glittering but already overcrowded central sectors of our large, depressed cities.

Also by 11 P.M., I was listening still for a natural voice from the platform. There may have been such a voice earlier, for I arrived late and didn't hear them all, but during my stay something was soaking up the protest. Finally, waiting in line to leave, I heard what it was. In front of me were two stout, pleasant men of about sixty. (I could tell from their haircuts and Sulka neckties that their coats and hats were going to fit just right.) It was a jovial complaint that one made to the other: "So what was it all about? I came to learn about city planning. I know about money already."

Perhaps money *is* what New York City planning is all about. Judging by the program at the New School, it is. On that Friday evening the increasingly desperate subject of New York's decline as a place to live in, commute to, or do business in was all focused on a discussion of the scheme for "Grand Central City," a $100 million office building to be mounted on the broad back of the space just north of Grand Central Station, pushing its steel stems down among the railroad tracks and commuters. The structure will add 2.4 million square feet of space (the Empire State Building contains 2 million square feet) to that already compact neighborhood.

On hand to present the rationalization for this enormous shaft of rentable space (population is estimated at 25,000 office workers in the single building) was the financier of the project, Erwin S. Wolfson, with its architect, Richard Roth, and with Walter Gropius and Pietro Belluschi, who are design consultants for the structure. The articulate, idealistic Gropius is famous as the founder of the Bauhaus in prewar Germany, and he later was chairman of the department of architecture at the graduate school of design at Harvard. Belluschi is dean of the school of architecture and planning at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and one of the most fluent voices in American architecture today, a cogent spokesman for quality and humanism in architecture.

ARCHITECT Roth had first cut a design for Grand Central City to the pattern of the New York City Building Code, whose system of mandatory setbacks at certain building heights usually shapes New York's jagged commercial structures. The ziggurat which the capable Roth drew did not, it is true, bulk up as tall as the law might allow, but it did contain 3 million square feet of floor space, draped with a commercial curtain wall. In massing, it resembled a disorderly stack of crates.

Wolfson, perhaps appalled by this picture of what he would be allowed to do by law and custom, then engaged Gropius and Belluschi to improve things. They persuaded him to cut the square footage back to 2.4 million in order to open the street level space somewhat, to widen sidewalks and to permit the reshaping of the building into a tall, broad, rather good-looking tower, a flattened-out octagon in plan. Drawings of the new design go so far as to make it look pretty, but in the way—I think—of those towering night-club showgirls who don't perform, but just stand there and smile.

It was clear at the forum, however, that even with his somewhat shrunken scheme for producing rental revenues, the promoter, a man of intellectual in-

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terests (and a trustee of the New School), still feels a little guilty. Or perhaps he merely feels self-conscious. He is a very successful builder who, in previous adventures in New York, has stuck to the commercial last, producing architecturally undistinguished structures. But now he is cramming what will be the world's single largest office building into the already terribly congested Grand Central area—a building expected to draw 200,000 visitors a day. Perhaps this is enough to get any man up on a platform. The professionals he brought with him seemed on the defensive, too—so much so that when the time came for the questioning panel to throw darts at the gargantuan plan, the attack was somewhat anticlimactic.

ARCHITECT Victor Gruen, whose firm does interesting planning as well as buildings, did playfully taunt Gropius and Belluschi for their parts in Grand Central City. He described them as men "rumored to be aesthetically very conscientious," but, in this case, "victims of circumstance." He implied — fairly enough, I thought — that they have operated more or less at the level of the industrial designer, the packager, in rewrapping this merchandise. In the end, Gruen conceded that the building was "good under the circumstance" but asked, "How about those circumstances?" Almost everyone on the platform was to imply the same answer to this question, to sigh: *They shouldn't let us make this kind of building, this kind of money. There should be a law against it. We are strangling our city, victimizing it. But so long as there isn't any law. . . .*

Of the other members of the questioning panel, Thomas H. Creighton, editor of *Progressive Architecture*, added gently that the building might have been blocked by popular protest, even in the absence of law, as was Mr. Moses' proposed depressed roadway through Washington Square. Peter Blake, associate editor of *Architectural Forum*, pointed out how difficult, or actually impossible, it is to build a profitable office building in New York, except on the prestige basis, such as Lever House. Historian Paul Zucker liked the building's new design and its siting, but wondered if anyone would really look at it in New York City.

The critics were depressed, rather hopeless, fatalistic. They had a right to be. As the financial situation of New York, and its transit situation, and housing situation, and school situation become more and more appalling, the only signs of municipal vitality to seize upon and celebrate are monstrous schemes like this one, enormous pieces of finance. They have an unreal glory when they're announced, like the clean white snow when it begins to stick on New York streets — and the effect of all this money is much the same, acoustically, as all that snow — a muffling softness that stifles outcry and makes it sound like acquiescent murmers.

AFTER a break for more brandy, questions came from the floor, some from challengers more aggressive than the invited critics. But the evening could not be pulled back from the gently negative morass into which it had sunk. The printed program had outlined the principal questions, and all but one had been answered in the prevailing politeness. Here, condensed, were the answers I heard:

"Is New York in danger of overbuilding?" *Yes, but that is the only thing that pays.*

"Can aesthetics be balanced with economics?" *Probably not; it all comes down to a calculation of rents and mortgages.*

"What is the future for large urban centers?" *They can be improved, possibly, if drastic methods can be brought to bear — but it may already be too late.*

"At what point should civic consciousness influence building design?" *At the decimal point.*

The only new question raised during the evening was that of outlawing private automobiles in the business center. Everyone, including Wolfson, was for the

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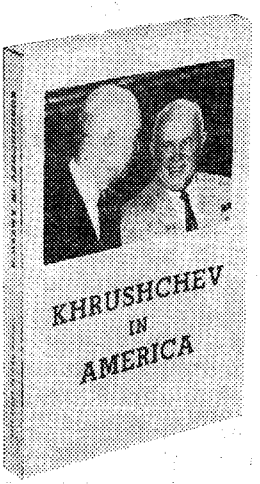

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ban, to cut down congestion. And don't build any parking garages, everyone said, for they only attract people with cars. The following Monday, Traffic Commissioner T. T. Wiley proposed to build fifteen midtown Manhattan parking garages in order to bring the shoppers back in from the suburbs and revitalize Manhattan's waning retail business. Perhaps he should have been invited to the forum.

ONE other somewhat scholastic question had been printed on the program, but it had been skirted in talk during most of the evening, perhaps in order to minimize professional humiliation: "How much responsibility should the architect bear for his product?" At one point Gropius had taken the brunt, with characteristic honesty, when asked about one detail of the Grand Central City design. He said, wearily, "We cannot do otherwise."

But toward the end, when a bold young lady finally paraphrased this question of architectural involvement from the floor, Pietro Belluschi attempted to reply. He was tensely jocular about it, but did not answer the question. He then went on to say: "I'd like to put in a good word for urban congestion . . . the nature of the city is this.... It's an excitement you can find only in New York City. . . . You have decay, yes, congestion, but Times Square is a wonderful thing. . . ." He prefers Times Square to Central Park, it seems; he pointed out that there were many muggings and murders in that large open, uncongested space. Still listening, I got in line at the checkroom.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

TO DO justice to Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* on the stage requires the resources of a great European state theatre — which also includes a brilliant acting company — and the imaginative inventiveness of a Reinhardt, a Guthrie or a Welles. Without such a rare combination of advantages, producing *Peer Gynt* is like playing Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with a bull fiddle, a trumpet, a harmonica, a kazoo and a high school glee club.

Having said this, I must admit to having enjoyed the Phoenix Theatre production of the play. For although I am uncertain of the quality of any of the English translations I have heard (the Phoenix uses Norman Ginsbury's 1946 Old Vic version), and despite the apparent unwieldiness of the play's construction, I find this youthful Ibsen work brilliant and beautiful. It has poetic feeling, humor, satiric verve, vigor, intellectual substance. Written in 1867, its implications are not only modern but still entirely pertinent.

Peer is the average sensual man of the bourgeois society which was reaching its apogee in the middle of the nineteenth century. He is a vital individualist of voracious appetite and energy: calculating and eager to amass everything — wealth, women, position, honors. Being the heir of an older society in which the old Adam was tempered by religious faith, Peer still retains enough vestiges of morality to misquote the Bible, of which he has a spotty recollection, at every turn. God too, he is sure, is on his side. Severed from the body of a coherent community, he believes himself unique. "Free," his powers seem to him limitless.

Peer achieves the rewards of his gifts. He seduces women, begets bastards, is loved by a pure girl, traffics in the slave trade, cheats, is cheated only to be favored by miraculous windfalls, makes and loses fortunes and sees the world — a full and adventurous life. He succeeds in his ambition, which is to be himself. What he doesn't realize is that in his splendidly tempestuous career he has compromised at every point and defaulted before every obstacle which has stood in the way of his presumed fulfillment. Unfettered, he is unwittingly an absurd conformist. He is swindled where he imagines he has triumphed, and in most instances he has behaved either as a monkey or a lunatic. He has served no one, his life has been empty of any enduring value and he dies with no saving grace except in the lingering love of the girl he has deserted. *Peer Gynt* is a prophetic legend of contemporary society.

Needless to say, the Phoenix is ill equipped to deal with the overwhelming challenge of such a play. It would be wholly unfair therefore to dwell on the various shortcomings of its production. I prefer to credit director Stuart Vaughan and his company for understanding the point of every scene so that the play somehow emerges. Since it is a masterpiece, it offers more than many a lesser play which is staged with far greater skill and assurance.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE LARGEST and finest exhibition of Gustave Courbet ever got together in this country is on view at the Philadelphia Museum of Art until February 14, and will then be seen in Boston. The eighty-six pictures, assembled from museums and collections here and in Europe—four from the Louvre—illustrate the entire range of the painter's work, from the student compositions and self-portraits of his youth, to the Swiss landscapes of his last years.

Courbet's life was long and turbulent. Son of a wealthy farmer from a village near Besançon, handsome and talented, he arrived in Paris in 1840, at the age of twenty-one. One imagines him as a restless and energetic man, intensely ambitious, loudly convinced of his abilities, an intolerant Republican. At first accepted by the Salon, and then bitterly opposed on account of his insistent realism, he eventually overcame all opposition and was acknowledged even by his enemies as a genius. In 1871, having joined the Commune, he was pronounced responsible, as its most prominent and politically active painter member, for the destruction of Napoleon's column in the Place Vendôme, and was sentenced to six months in jail. After his release, his case being reopened, he fled to Switzerland, where he died at the age of seventy-eight, his goods and pictures confiscated. His place in the history of French painting is that of being the first of the Realists and thus precursor of Impressionism.

This celebrated Realism does not appear in the early self-portraits on view. These are rather in the high Romantic tradition: the painter picturing himself as a beautiful and disdainful young man, seated on a hillside with pipe, book, cane and dog, glaring up at the spectator as if annoyed at the interruption of his meditation; as a guitar player in beard and Giorgione clothes; and as a Florentine sculptor, mallet and chisel in hand, poetically relaxed in the midst of nature. The Romantic phase was quickly over. With his stubborn Republicanism and his farm background, he soon evolved a style of painting which, in contradistinction to the liberal Romanticism of Delacroix and to the Tory Classicism of Ingres, became known as Realism. That is to say, he abandoned the Romantic subject matter of the exotic, the tragic and the marvelous (such as Delacroix's *Massacre of Chios* or his *Death of Sardanapalus*), and

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took instead as subjects for his pictures the commonplaces of life around him (such as his *Burial at Ornans*, his native village, or his famous *Bonjour, Monsieur Courbet* in which the painter is saluted on a country road by his richest collector—a picture also entitled, less modestly, *Fortune Greeting Genius*).

Besides giving up Romantic subject matter, Courbet cut himself free from all dependence on the Italian Renaissance and adopted, in opposition to the smooth elegance of Ingres, a downright and much more brutal way of painting. His chief technical innovation was a systematic use of the palette knife, by which he could obtain, with one tone pulled over another, the exact appearance of the textures of nature. The rocks, bark, foam and foliage of his landscapes could not be more convincing. The other novelties of his work, and perhaps the most striking, were his ability to paint landscape without any poetic overtones, and the hitherto undescribed style of female beauty he celebrated.

This style of beauty one finds supremely well expressed in his *Spanish Lady* with her unbound hair and querulous mouth; and in the *Polish Exile* with her aristocratic reserve, her quiet hands and unquiet eyes—so much like Eakins in their psychological projection, but so much better. The two portraits of the Nodler brothers are even more powerful and disquieting as psychological studies, while the standing figure of Max Buchon, with hat in hand, cane and almost ballet-dancer stance, is certainly the inspiration for the similar portraits by Manet. This is all very fine painting. Many of the open landscapes, always empty and curiously lonely, are as convincing as Corot's. The color, however, is seldom as exact. Courbet's eye for color tones is not as nice; and since he almost always employs the academic formula of cool lights and warm darks, most of the pictures, even those portraying the out-of-doors, have the brown shadows of objects painted under studio conditions.

The most curious aspect of Courbet's work, as it is presented here, is its unevenness. It seems impossible that the same painter could have painted both so well and so badly. Perhaps, painting as he frequently did, large pictures for large public exhibitions, he often worked beyond his fatigue level. The clearest suggestion of this is in the *Demoiselles du Village*, shown here in two versions. The subject is a green and rocky meadow in which three town-dressed ladies are conversing with a peasant girl. The smaller picture—called a sketch, though it is in every way complete—could not be finer. The larger version, blown up to standard Salon size of about six feet by ten, is cruder in color, laborious in drawing, spotty in composition, and the exquisite scaling of the figures to the landscape is gone.

Others of the larger pictures with Salon subjects in Salon sizes are even

Two Views of a Cadaver Room

I

The day she visited the dissecting room
They had four men laid out, black as burnt turkey,
Already half unstrung. A vinegary fume
Of the death vats clung to them;
The white-smocked boys started working.
The head of his cadaver had caved in,
And she could scarcely make out anything
In that rubble of skull plates and old leather.
A sallow piece of string held it together.

In their jars the snail-nosed babies moon and glow.
He hands her the cut-out heart like a cracked heirloom.

II

In Breughel's panorama of smoke and slaughter
Two people only are blind to the carrion army:
He, afloat in the sea of her blue satin
Skirts, sings in the direction
Of her bare shoulder, while she bends,
Fingering a leaflet of music, over him,
Both of them deaf to the fiddle in the hands
Of the death's-head shadowing their song.
These Flemish lovers flourish; not for long.

Yet desolation, stalled in paint, spares the little country
Foolish, delicate, in the lower right hand corner.

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less successful. But size does not always seem to be the chief difficulty. Many smaller pictures are just as unfortunate. The lesbian *Awakening,* in which a brunette nude drops rose petals on the eyelids of a sleeping blonde is harsh in color and insensitive in drawing. *A Reclining Nude* of 1858 looks like a particularly poor example of Eilshemius. And two minor forest pictures of stags in snow seem like woolly "buck-eyes" done for the calendar trade. Whereas the large *Deer in Covert*, from the Louvre, and the wonderful *Quarry,* from Boston, with huntsmen, horn, dogs, and Courbet himself as central figure, are two of the finest forest pictures ever painted.

Several of the weak pictures here shown are perhaps not wholly Courbet's work. In *Dressing the Bride,* for instance, a large interior with some fourteen figures, the disparity between the well-planned composition and the incompetence of its execution suggest a beginning by Courbet, carried further by another hand. Similarly, the *Hunt Picnic* with its amateurish painting and incongruous scale must be either a pastiche or a remarkably unsuccessful restoration. And is it possible that the portrait of Courbet in prison could be by Courbet himself? It first appeared publicly in 1903 when presented by Courbet's sister, Jacqueline, to the town of Ornans. It is not signed. Perhaps the old lady was remembering badly. It is so uncouth in drawing, color and composition that it seems more likely something done by a visitor or student, a lesson given by the painter to wile away the tedium of jail.

IN AN adjoining room are some of the Philadelphia Museum's latest acquisitions — two Delacroix studies, a figure piece by Corot, a still life of a hare by Chardin and a small oil by Daumier. Comparison with these is not to Courbet's advantage. The Delacroix are more sure in their drawing; the Corot and Daumier have livelier color; even the fur in Chardin is better painted. Not that Courbet lacks skill or talent or invention. He had more than almost anybody. But he seems never to have matured as a painter, never to have gained complete control of his talent. The trouble most probably lay in his taste for celebrity, and in his addiction to party politics. With both a professional and a political revolution to occupy his energies, with so many "great" pictures to execute and so many eager disciples to distract him, how could he always find time for the finer points of his trade? He remains, for all his genius and for all his mental activity, the most uneven workman in the history of French art.

And yet, despite all this, Courbet is a precursor and a modern. Daumier, Delacroix and even Corot, however sympathetic we may find their work, line up with the Old Masters, whereas Courbet is unmistakably on our side of the fence. The palette-knife technique of his forest interiors directed the Impressionists to their theories of broken color and unified surface tension. And his particular version of Realism led straight to their doctrine of the innocent eye and its unprejudiced view of nature. These are still the basic principles of our painting today.

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(Continued from page 101)

to an end, and, his position threatened by many dangers, popular support for the new king will then be badly needed. Promises will have to be made. The Monarchists, including some generals, will not want to see their king in a suit tailored by Franco. It will be necessary, therefore, to count on what opposition exists today, on the influential minority of intellectuals, and to call on them for leadership and direction. Obviously this will be met with fear and resistance. But once the Army's monolithic support of the regime is broken, it will be even more dangerous to try to turn the clock back. The most probable choice will be the "liberal solution" with the help of the generals.

This, unfortunately, will not be the end, for fresh difficulties will then begin. There will be great pressure from below, as there was at the arrival of the Republic of 1931. Instead of passivity, there will be agitation among the people. The anger now contained will come into the open. Impossible demands for an immediate rise in the standard of living will be made. Once there was a Socialist Party and labor unions to channel opinion, but now, at least at the beginning, there will be none. And the words "republic," "monarchy," "liberty" will sound to many ears less promising than before. There is the danger that after some time the Communists will control a large part of public opinion. The sad experiences of the past will certainly serve as a brake, and there will be talk of moderation. But many will listen to other voices.

"The main movement will be toward the Left," my friend the ex-Falangist, now a sincere democrat, told me, with a worried expression. This seems certain to me as well. It is the law of the pendulum, which has not failed since the first Constitution of 1812. The question is: how far to the Left? Can this movement be channeled along democratic lines? Many will wish it to be so, but others will make it difficult and provoke a reaction. The end result will probably depend, not only on what happens in Spain, but on what has happened by then in the rest of the world.

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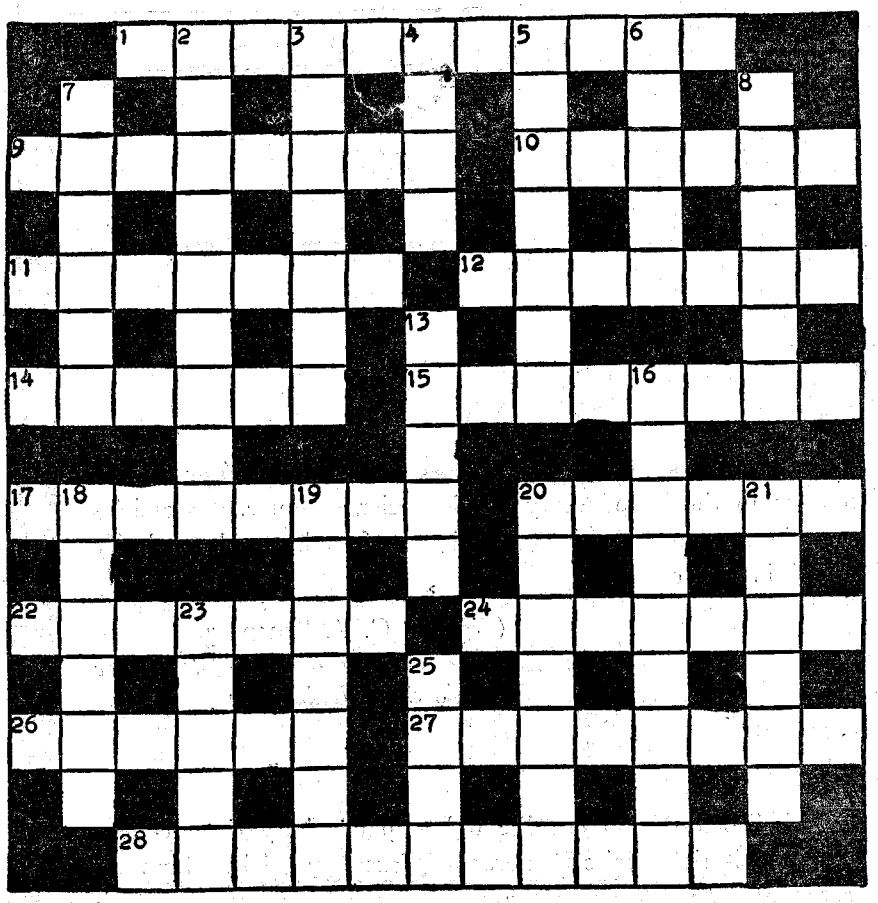
Crossword Puzzle No. 852

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 6 down
9 How to gather wool on a Hollywood tour? (8)
10 If it is wrong, you'll have a high time around it. (It may not be a very good idea!) (6)
11 What businessmen and conquerors might do when they come to terms. (7)
12 Wandered about with the doctor, if Edward appears. (7)
14 The head of an art form, by the sound of it. (6)
15 See 2 down
17 Not all golf balls are, according to the condition of properly kept records. (8)
20 A story about Singapore, for example. (6)
22 See 2 down
24 and 8 El Greco's wasn't an opinion concerning a fine blade! (1, 4, 2, 6)
26 This might make beautiful music, like a boy at a get-together. (6)
27 Listless and tired? Poe thought so! (8)
28 This place finally comes to earth. (Catch her first!) (11)

DOWN:

2, 22 and 15 Obviously fly-by-night. (4, 5, 3, 4, 8)
3 See a bit of the town or two? (7)
4 Strangely enough, two jacks are one. (4)
5 Certainly not calmly thrown. (7)
6 and 1 An impossible way to get quite honest! (3, 2, 3, 8)
7 See 13
8 See 24
13 and 7 A blow with 8? (Some do not like such an unsettled condition.) (5, 6)
16 If you haven't a clue, this is to blame! (9)
18 Former candidate to settle on? (6)
19 The bean might sprout in the better part of 28. (7)
20 The place where one that made a famous quote brought up the final article? (7)
21 Covered like Feodor? (6)
23 A note of charm (for the Princess?) (5)
25 Hot-headed, for Henry! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 851

ACROSS: 1 Capital letters; 9 Satisfy; 10 Caisson; 11 Adrift; 12 Stigmata; 14 Dervish; 15 and 17 Sidesaddle; 19 In orbit; 21 Stampage; 23 Ferret; 25 Insular; 26, 27 and 6 Love is a many-splendored thing. DOWN: 1 Cassandra; 2 Petered; 3 Task force; 4 Lays; 5 Escutcheon; 7 Rostand; 13 Riding crop; 15 Subserved; 16 Shorthand; 18 Dead Sea; 20 Terrier; 21 Stir; 22 and 8 Pollyanna; 24 Else.

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